I'd only ever kissed before

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by AtticusCrete

Summary

Team Sassy Science celebrate the end of the Stammetts case with a trip to a movie, and then a bar. Someone thinks it's ok to proposition Will in the men's loos, there are bloody noses. DR PP does his usual thing, Beverly is The Best (again), and there's sleep walking and kitchen conversations set straight after 'a little tete a tete' and just before 'you could bring a book to a date instead of flowers'.

Or you could start at the beginning 'that's a terrible name for a Museum'

This is the Dr. Plushy Pants AU currently shaping up to cover pre season 1 to post TWOTL. Currently filling in from the beginning, middle and end. Final eight 'episodes' written. Just writing the bits to get us there now. Regularly updating. But must finish an academic paper this weekend.

Notes

There's a brief scene where someone has mistaken Will for a rent boy, this results in Will socking the bloke, and the bloke biffing him on the nose. If it's the sort of thing that triggers you, please look after yourself.

I'm sorry though. I feel responsible' Brian is uncharacteristically somber 'about Stammetts'

'You don't need to' Will had meant what he'd said before 'I mean if you'd been thinking with your brain instead of your dick it'd have been fine'

'Still with that then?'

'I did tell you I'd milk it.'

'Not done yet then'

'Not by a long way'

'Bastard'

'Really, we're ok. You weren't to know'

'What didn't he know? Apart from the obvious, which is, everything?'

Jimmy joins the two of them. They're in the queue for a movie. They've done this a few times now. Their tastes don't exactly overlap but they usually find this contributes to a hearty post film conversation. This evening is a little different though. In theory at least Alana and Beverly will be joining them. Still, it's a long queue so they'll probably arrive in time for the showing, if not the trailers.

.....

'Beverly, are you sure we have to dress up? This seems a little tarty to be honest, and don't you get enough of cannibalistic, alien, murdering, weirdos in your day job?'

'Babe, don't talk about Jimmy and Brian that way' they both laugh at that, 'really everyone will join in. We'll sing, we'll dance, it'll be great.'

'You didn't say anything about dancing! I can't dance!

'Alana, honestly? No one will care, here grab this bag'

'What's in it?'

'Props'

....

The three men are about half way along a long winding queue that extends along the street. Almost everyone is wearing a long coat. Over what ever it is they've decided they are wearing or not wearing for the show. Jimmy has courts on but Zeller and Will both have boots. Will is also wrapped up in a gorgeous cashmere and silk scarf in a stormy petrol colour.

'Hey, nice scarf, alright guys?' Bev eyes Will who smiles faintly.

'Have you really all dressed up, Beverly said you would but I didn't....' Alana bites her bottom lip and regards the three of them, not quite looking at Will as she feels herself flush (and who knew about that little kwink Dr Bloom?)

Will laughs at this 'Wait till we're inside! Bev did you bring me lipstick and eye liner? I've got cotton buddies'

'Cotton buddies'

'Yeah sorry, q tips. I had a college roommate who called them cotton buddies. He was British. They call them cotton buds'

'Oh, ok. I've got some mascara too, you'll have to hold really still. And the lipstick is that dark one you like'

Will shrugs at the meaningful looks he gets from the two men 'yeah?' He runs his hands through his hair making it stick up like Tim Curry in the iconic role. Bev approaches, eye liner in hand.

.....

It's just a jump to the left....

And then a step to the riiiiiiiight...

With your hands on your hips.....

You bring your knees in tigh.....t

But it's the pelvic thrust...

.....

Don't dream it

Beeeeeeee it

Don't dream it

Beeeeee it

.....

'That was....'

'Fun'
'Ridiculous'
'I could go again'
'Excellent'

'Lany, I can't believe you've never seen it.'

'I must have run with the wrong crowd at college'

'Run with us, we're the right crowd!'

.....

'Bar, now. I'm so thirsty. Do you think anywhere will let us in?'

'As long as the women go in first or maybe Will, depending on the bar'

'They'll think Will's a rent-boy or something'

'Bit too old to be a boy I think'

'Says brain-of-dick'

'Still with that?'

'Always'

.....

'Here we go, they sort of know me here I think it'll be alright'

'Hello. Mr Zeller'

'Hey. Is it alright? We're sort of dressed for the theatre ...?'

'Not at all sir, the Southern bar has more room'

'Oooh he's cute' Jimmy comments, the doorman blushes sweetly and ducks his head as he holds the door for the two women.

'My mother is sort of related to the owner's wife, it's one of those family things'

he's been here a lot of times. He was pretty sure they'd get in. His parents had their fortieth wedding anniversary party here just a month ago. There were three hundred people at it. He's from that kind of family.

.....

The Southern bar is a long curve of mahogany, all glittering glass, polished wood and gilt framing, the furniture is red velvet and gold braiding. They almost fit right in. The crowd is all overcoats, and tailored suits, and cocktail dresses. Alana faintly wonders if she might be mistaken for a prostitute working the room. Certainly some of the men and one or two of the women are looking at her rather assessingly. She decides she'll work it like Bev. If she's going to be characterised as a hussy she'll be a brazen one!

The five of them lounge into a booth Bev and Will on one side facing Zeller and Alana, Jimmy has spread himself all along the longest banquette joining the other two, three sides of a square. The server comes over and they order. The three men opt to keep their coats on, they are definitely underdressed, or rather differently dressed. The two women shrug their coats off their shoulders. They look a bit on the burlesque side but can probably swing it.

'Will!'

'What?'

'Wipe off some of the lipstick'

'oh. Thanks'

.....

Several rounds later, it feels like the evening might be winding down. They've all laughed. Talked around work. Discussed the finer points of stockings. Jimmy tried three departments stores before he found a petticoat he liked that they had in his size. Apparently the shop worker didn't bat an eyelid. Enlightened times.

Will is glad that Alana seems to have got over her, what ever it was. It probably hasn't hurt that Bev's been almost sitting in his lap since they arrived in the bar. He likes Alana, he always has, but not like that. He doesn't want to actually have to say no, he'll muck it up in some way. So hopefully this'll put the possibility back on the shelf where it belongs.

He has a little sigh to himself. He's still trying to work out how to possibly get Hannibal to his place in Wolf Trap. He'd worked so hard whilst he was in hospital. And now the case with Stammetts is cleared up, and Abigail, well, hmmm, he doesn't have an actual reason to... does he need a reason to? He hums to himself, slightly bouncing Bev up and down as he does. She looks at him 'what?' He sort of vaguely smiles back 'nothing, sorry, just thinking.' Oh and of course, if you think of the devil, the devil shall appear. Hannibal has just come into the bar with two other men, and a lovely golden haired woman. Of course he has.

'Beverly, look who's just come in, at the bar, far end' he says it quietly, but not quietly enough, they all turn to look. Different thoughts run through each of them

'Oh no. That's Dr Chilton and Dr Du Maurier oh god, and Dr Franks. And Hannibal. Oh god, Hannibal is bound to get his revenge in for the business with Will, oh god' thinks Alana, hoping the earth will open up

'She's pretty tasty' think both Zeller and Beverly

'Ooh, I like the little one with the beard' sighs Jimmy

'Hannibal, just. Hannibal' and of course that's Will, who glances down at himself. He might just be able to pull this off. Maybe. As long as he keeps his coat on.

.....

Beverly looks at the other four 'we've got a choice here. Play it or run?'

They look wildly at each other, the adrenaline of the evening, plus a few glasses of different kinds of alcohol, plus the camaraderie means they are all feeling varying degrees of reckless. Alana definitely on the low end, Jimmy spiking very high, off the scale. The other three somewhere in the middle.

'Play' 'RuN' 'play' 'pla ru play, probably'

Beverly rolls her eyes. 'Ok we'll play, but everyone needs to calm down just a teeny bit. Will go and clean your face a bit more, here take these wipes' Will grabs them and slides out of the booth. At that point the four psychiatrists have turned and are looking for seats and Bev waves hard. Hannibal sees her, and though just slightly surprised by her attire, he gathers up his little party and they approach.

There's one of those moments when two groups of adults, some of whom know each other professionally are caught in a social situation not quite of their own making or choosing. Some seat rearranging, introductions, and drink re-allocating goes on so that they're not split into the two groups that arrived separately.

Hannibal is now next to Beverly who has Dr Franks on her left, next to Jimmy. Jimmy is between him and Dr Chilton, who is next to Dr Du Maurier, next to Zeller and finally Alana. Opposite Hannibal. When Will comes back he will have a choice of next to Hannibal or next to Alana. Next to Alana will be a squash, four on that bench. Next to Hannibal will be the sensible choice.

Dr Chilton asks 'I'm surprised your new profiler isn't with you? Dr Graham? he's quite the topic of conversation in psychiatric circles'

'Is he?' says Bev coolly, Hannibal glances at her approvingly, he doesn't like Will being treated like a zoo specimen either. And he's surprised Will's not here too.

'yes' says Chilton firmly

Bev sighs, 'actually he is here. He's just gone to the rest room.' Ah, so he is here.

'What have you been doing for the evening?' Dr Franks asks, Alana smiles at him. 'We've been to the theatre'

'Oh. What did you see?'

She takes a deep breath 'the Rocky Horror Show, we did the whole dressing up thing' she says with only the faintest tremor and some defiance,

'Ahhh. Sweet transgression' Dr Franks smiles again,

'Sweet transvestite' she corrects

'I know'

'Oh. Oh, of course. Sorry.'

'That explains the very pretty deshabille' Hannibal turns and smiles at Beverly and then at Alana

'Oh smooth, Dr Lecter' smirks Bev

'I can't believe you think we'd normally...' Alana begins, and then stops realising he's teasing. Ok. He's got his own back now. At least she hopes so. She also wishes Will would hurry up if only to change the dynamic at the table.

Dr Du Maurier looks at the group, she's only heard of them via Hannibal (apart from Dr Bloom whom she has met professionally), how interesting they are. And fancy. The Rocky Horror Show. She faintly wonders what the men are wearing under their coats. She looks them both over. Interesting. She's almost glad she came along. In particular if she gets to meet Will Graham, about whom Hannibal has mentionitis.

Beverly glances around, conversations are starting, she reckons one more round and then they can escape. Maybe for pizza and beer. They can probably detach Hannibal and bring him too. Good way to end an evening and they have just cleared a case. Well, recently. And where the fuck is Will. Shit. Hopefully he didn't get accosted in the loos. He did look a bit 'available'.

She turns to Hannibal, currently having a conversation with Alana, which suggests they're putting that little clash of the titans if not behind them, at least parked on the verge so other traffic can get by.

'I'm a bit worried that Will hasn't come back'

Alana and Hannibal both look at her,

'How long has he been gone?' Hannibal doesn't think too much of it,

Alana says 'I don't think Will will be empathising with someone in the men's toilets' she hears how it sounds as it comes out of her mouth. 'That sounded way worse out loud than it did in my head'

'No' says Beverly slowly, 'but he did look pretty gorgeous, in a pay by the hour kind of way, and it is the men's loos, at a swanky hotel where they have rooms which although you can't pay by the hour...' she trails off.

Hannibal has caught her drift, he says nothing just looks at her for a long moment. The three of them slide out of the booth and head out towards the rest rooms at the back of the large bar. If they'd been thinking about it objectively they might have realised that it looked as though Hannibal was about to enjoy an entertaining interlude with two scantily clad ladies of that particular evening.

None of them are thinking of this though. At the rest rooms, Beverly bangs on the door. 'Will!! Are you alright? I'm coming in' all three of them push their way in. Will is sitting on

the closed lid of a toilet in an open stall, the door swinging outwards. His eyes are closed and he's holding some toilet paper to his nose, which is rapidly turning red

Bev breathes out 'oh my god what happened? Are you alright, no obviously not, but are you!'

Hannibal has turned to look around the room. In the opposite corner a man is slumped over also holding his nose which is bleeding much more fiercely. He's breathing hard. Hannibal pulls him up and checks to see if it's broken. It would appear not. He holds onto the man by his arm whilst he turns back to Will now being cuddled by Beverly.

'What happened Will?' Beverly asks, the other man struggles to get some words out but Hannibal interrupts him 'whatever has happened here, the man you struck works for the FBI. It is entirely possible you have made a bad choice this evening.'

No shit, thinks Beverly. 'Will?'

'I think he got the wrong idea when I asked him to pass me the toilet paper from his stall as mine had run out'

'He should know what that means' the man, still in Hannibal's grasp, stutters out 'and have you seen how he's dressed?'

'Dress is never an invitation to assault, or unwanted attention.' Hannibal is implacable. 'Will? Do you wish to press charges?'

Will opens his eyes at this. He looks at Alana and Beverly and then at Hannibal. 'Honestly? I'm torn. On the one hand, of course yes, because I was fortunate enough to be able to hit him back and someone else might not, on the other, no, because, I can see how this is going to play out.' He looks down, shakes his head, and makes his mind up. He appreciates that all three of his friends are totally projecting 'what do you want to do Will, because we're on side' it means he can get closer to what he wants to do.

He looks at the other man 'you made a really stupid mistake, and not just because all of us work in law enforcement in one way or another, but because you let a simple mistake turn bad, and turn into something that involved blood. Alana, you won't make a big thing of it, will you get the barman to call the local precinct, or ask Zeller to, he knows them. And make sure the others know we're going to be held up. They shouldn't hang around if they don't want to.'

Alana nods and goes out. Bev still has an arm round Will but she can tell he doesn't need it now. So she stands, he follows suit. Hannibal is still holding the arm of the other man who seems to be shrinking as the minutes pass. No one says anything.

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Two hours later statements have been taken, the man has been taken away to be charged and processed. The Sassy Science Team plus Will and Hannibal are seated in one of the hotel's smaller conference rooms. The staff have been great. Zeller's presence combined with

Hannibal in formidable mode have smoothed the way.

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Beverly and Alana leave to go back to Alana's home, Jimmy and Brian following, There's talk of pizza. Hannibal has commandeered Will and is taking him home. Whose it's not currently clear.

They both walk to Hannibal's home, only twenty minutes on foot, both quiet. When they reach the house Hannibal asks, gesturing to the Bentley, 'Wolf Trap?'

'Could we, just, quietly, could you make something like scrambled eggs, like that first time? Would that be ok?'

'Of course Will'

They go inside and Will realises he is also going to have to ask for clothes. And possibly a bath. He feels gritty. He can ask, even if he is a little embarrassed now. Any one would be in the cold light of a hallway when your well groomed friend is utterly dressed. And under your coat you're wearing fishnets, a garter belt, very uncomfortable satin panties, elbow length fingerless net gloves and an over bust corset which frankly is not worth the candle.

He goes for the honesty he usually expresses with Hannibal, 'We had an excellent evening. In a minute I'm going to ask about yours but first I need to ask something which I currently feel a bit foolish about but in about ten minutes will be able to laugh about considerably. Beverly probably told you where we went, or someone did, and that we all dressed up (Hannibal doesn't smile but there's a faint hint of illumination on his face)

'You'd like to borrow some clothes? He glances at the coat. Underwear too? And socks?' He keeps an almost utterly straight face.

'That would be very kind. Thank you. And I'd like a quick bath or shower, which ever is easiest, please'

Hannibal directs him up the stairs and into a guest bedroom with a small ensuite. He passes Will a towel and a large bathrobe and shows him how the controls work on the shower. He leaves Will to it 'I'll leave you some clothes on the bed. When you're done come back downstairs and follow the noise to the kitchen'

Will just smiles at him.

.....

Ten minutes later and he feels almost human again. He makes a pile of his clothes and smiles at them. Until the moment he got bipped on the nose it had been an excellent evening. Even when Hannibal and his colleagues, friends, whatever showed up he'd mostly thought there might be a fun way to drag, he catches himself, yeah, right, good word play.

He dresses in Hannibal's clothes. They're all just slightly too big. He's barely shorter than Hannibal just built on a slightly smaller scale. But they're warm and clean and comfortable

and once he's folded the sleeves of the shirt up you can barely tell. He loosely ties the jumper round his neck, he's too warm right now but he might cool down in another part of the house.

The guest room is nice. All blues and greens and greys, with some white accents. They're close to colours Will would choose. He faintly wonders if Hannibal put him in this room deliberately, so he'd feel relaxed. He sits on the bed. Nice. Comfortable. He lets out a long sigh. He could have done without the spike of adrenaline this evening. He's only just over the whole thing with Stammetts and being turned into mushroom media. It's left him tired and wired. And hungry.

In the kitchen he perches on a tall stool at the main island. He watches as Hannibal does simple things with eggs and some sliced sausage.

'Better?'

'Much. Thank you. How was your evening?'

'Initially dull. And then surprisingly eventful.'

'I think mine was the other way round, the eventful bit was the show which was hilarious. Jimmy in a long lace petticoat, Zeller in a shortie nightie! Fantastic. Bev had banned us from bringing our phones but I swear Alana took some pictures. Though I am never wearing a corset again for love nor money' he winks at Hannibal who bursts out laughing. They both relax. Perhaps surprised at the tension.

'The dull bit for me was the police bit. It's why I hesitated. I didn't want the evening to be bookended by crap. I'm so done with crap.' He stretches, 'sorry'.

'Don't be, Will. I understand. Sometimes it'd be nice to be free of such reminders intruding into the everyday'.

'I'd just like it to be everyday, well, probably not 'everyday', every day if I'm really honest with myself'

'And me?'

'I'm pretty honest with you. At least I notice when I'm trying not to be'

Hannibal nods at that, he plates food for both of them adding some leaves to plates, followed by a sauce of some kind. 'Japanese plum' he says to Will's enquiringly look.

They both eat. Will making happy little noises he may not know he's making as he finishes his plateful. Hannibal watches him eat. He remembers that he'd been going to get Will some sensible groceries to go along with the alarming list of items Beverly had told him she'd stocked Will's cupboard with.

'How are you feeling now?'

'Much better. My head's bothering me a bit, but it'll pass. It usually does.'

'I'll make you something to help you sleep, we can drink it in the study, and then you should go to sleep. You can use guest the room as before'

Will half anticipated this. He'd love this, whatever it is with Hannibal to be a bit further along so he can make a move, but it's too soon. He knows that. Still. As he stands to follow Hannibal into the hallway, he's thinking about when it won't be.

.....

In the kitchen Hannibal is making a warm milk drink, with cinnamon, honey and vanilla. It's an excellent soporific that he was given as a child. He suspects it will speak to Will in a number of ways. They have still to talk properly after Hannibal failed to take Will home from hospital. He's trying to think of a way to either begin a conversation or prompt Will to make an invitation to his home spontaneously.

When he goes into the study he wonders if Will will already be asleep. But he's awake and reading, his socked feet pulled up under him on the chair Hannibal normally sits in, it's under the reading lamp after all.

'What have you found to occupy you?'

'Book on Renaissance Artists. Perspective. Camera Obscura. That sort of thing'

'Borrow it'

'I'd like to, thank you.' He takes a note book from his pocket and detaches a page and inserts it into the book and closes it. He sets it carefully on the table beside him. 'I'll look after it, I don't kill books'

Hannibal smiles and hands over Will's drink. 'Are you still on medication from the hospital?'

'just three more lots'

'do you have them here?'

Will takes a small tub from the pocket of the pants he is wearing and shakes it. There's a small rattle.

'Tell me about the dull bit of your evening? Who were you with? Or is that too nosey?'

'Colleagues, a Drs Chilton, Du Maurier, and Franks'

'Is that a Chilton from the BSHCI?

'It is, have you met.'

'No but I will soon'

'Gideon?

Will just nods 'were you at a meeting?'

'Some of us in practice in the area meet every few months to discuss issues that have currency amongst us'

Will gives him a steady look.

'Yes, you have come up in conversation. I find myself in need of a drink at those moments'

Will frowns and is about to ask why when Hannibal continues

'I prefer not to lie to my colleagues, or obfuscate, so I remove myself literally and get a drink or similar, better than either skirting the topic, or appearing secretive, after all not all of them are aware we even have conversations'

'Thank you' Will says quietly 'I appreciate that'

'Of course Will..... you look tired now. Are you ready for bed?'

Will smiles into his drink, thinking back to his earlier musing. One day he hopes he'll tell Hannibal of this moment. 'Thanks. I'm very grateful'

Hannibal just smiles at him.

Once upstairs he finds Will a pair of pyjamas and another towel. He shows him how to set the alarm on the clock on the bedside table.

'Is there anything you need to be up for tomorrow? It's a Saturday, do you have plans?'

'Not really. Hey, are you working?'

'No. it is a weekend for me also'

'Ok. This is a bit left field how about a bookshop and coffee?'

'Breakfast first?'

'Well, I can always go and get something and meet you later?' Will sees the look on Hannibal's face 'or I can be gracious and say that sounds lovely. Thank you. So, bookshop?'

Hannibal nods 'An excellent idea, there's a new Danish coffee shop I've heard good things about too. Good night Will. Sleep well. If you need anything I'm just down the hall. There's a glass and carafe in the bathroom'

.....

Hannibal wakes up. It's just after 5am. He's not an especially light sleeper, but he's used to sleeping alone, has done so for most of the last forty plus years, so a noise in the house from downstairs is unusual. He pulls his dressing gown from a hook on the door and pulls the door fully open. In his hand he has a scalpel. Before sleeping last night he'd attempted a sketch of

Beverly and Alana, as laughing deshabille angels. He thinks Beverly will like it even if Alana doesn't. The scalpel he uses for sharpening pencils.

Silently down the stairs, walking on the outside of the treads to prevent creaking. In the study the door into the garden is open and the late autumn breeze is pushing cold air into the house. He goes to the door and ahead he can see Will standing in the garden. He's about to call, when he realises that Will is barefoot. He's sleepwalking.

Hannibal puts the scalpel down on a shelf and goes out onto the lawn. He gives Will a wide berth and walks around him. He's looking down the garden, eyes wide open. Hannibal whispers 'Will'. He doesn't respond so Hannibal takes his hand and gently turns him. He leads him back into the house, where Hannibal carefully pushes him down into the chair he was in before. He gets a towel from the downstairs bathroom and then dries Wills feet.

Will remains open eyed and seeing nothing. Hannibal pulls him to his feet, leads him out of the study, up the stairs carefully, and back to the guest room. Very carefully he settles Will back into bed and pulls the covers up over him. He goes back to his own room and brings the comforter. He settles himself into a low slipper chair which he pulls into the doorway. If Will wanders again he will have to climb over Hannibal to do so.

They both sleep for several more hours. Will wakes first to discover Hannibal asleep in the door of his room. He knows something happened but he doesn't know what. But he feels a wash of gratitude. It's after 10, he almost never sleeps this late. But it's been a bit of a night, a bit of a week, ok, month. He gets up as quietly as possible and retreats into the bathroom.

When he comes out Hannibal is just waking. Will sits on the edge of the bed

'Did I sleep walk?'

'Yes. Has it happened before?'

'Once that I know of. I walked halfway across Wolf Trap before the local cops picked me up. They were nice about it. Winston followed me. The dog' he answers to Hannibal's momentarily confused expression 'oh, and once I found myself on the roof, I've got better at locking the upstairs windows' he hastily adds when he sees Hannibal's face.

'Will. This plus the headaches? Plus that incident in the bar? I'd say this may be a response to stress. Have you had these kind of responses to stressful external stimuli before?'

'Yeah. Sort of. With those three guys, a bit like this, but. Well. Not this bad, but then it hasn't been so relentless before. I'm sorry to have woken you, but thank you for rescuing me. I feel like I should be saying, rescuing me again, you do a lot of that.'

'It's the nature of my work'

'Yeah. I know that but. I'd rather our interactions weren't always based in traumatic incidents'

'In that case I suggest a non traumatic breakfast and a visit to a bookshop'

'Sounds alright. Sounds good. Great in fact. Have you had enough sleep? I can't believe you slept in the chair, is it comfortable?' He holds out a hand to pull Hannibal out of the chair and swings himself down into it. He does a small wiggle and pretends he's going to sleep. 'Ok, not too bad. Probably awful after about thirty minutes?'

'It was fine. Not the worst place I've slept, or for the worst reason. Come lets get along with the day. The jumper suits you, you should keep it.'

'Really? It'll go with that great scarf you gave me, tell me that came home with me last night or I shall be so pissed'

Hannibal just smiles. 'It's here with your coat', he gestures to the upright chair beside the little writing desk, 'with your other .... clothing' he tries to keep a straight face 'the corset does indeed look somewhat restricting'

Will rolls his eyes 'I'll send you the photos if there are any'

'please do' Hannibal manages a straight face for a few more seconds, and then they both smile broadly

Will rolls his eyes again, the other way this time 'god, a lingerie kink? Who knew?' Hannibal actually laughs out loud.

At the same moment they are both having the same thought, that they laugh more in the presence of the other than they have done in years, or with anyone else.

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